THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 2d of Third Month,* 1805. [No. 12.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum, payable at the end of the first quarter.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Ancient Manuscript concluded.

RECONCILIATION.

1. Arise! arise! O ye that sleep in the mists of sin and folly. put the garments of righteousness on your naked souls; for the everlasting day is breaking forth: the brightness of His Glory shall disperse the clouds of unrighteousness, and the abominations of the earth shall fall before his judgments!

2. Go to! ye that are polluted with the fleshly lusts of the world, wash ye in the blood of the covenant, that ye be not smitten, when the destroyer cometh

3. Rejoice! rejoice! O ye slaves of the captivity of Babel; for the time of your delivery is near at hand; the King shall command, and none shall disobey; for his love is free, without respect of persons.

4. Flow down, like wax before the fire, O ye mountains of pride; for the Prince of meekness has overcome you.

5. Fly swiftly before him, ye lusts of the flesh, for he shall destroy you, by the glory of his presence.

6. Lament, and be exceeding sorrowful, O thou seat of the Beast; for he has a treasure of wrath prepared for thee.

7. Thy city shall be laid waste; and who will make intercession for thee?

8. The measure of thine iniquities is now brim-full: yea, running over with abominations;

9. Thou hast polluted my people with thy witchcrafts, and, behold! thy sorceries are in all nations!

10. Thou hast exalted thyself in the imaginations of thine own heart; and hast caused my people to adore thine idols;

11. Thou hast made them frame images to me of their own invention:—to mount up in towers, of their own building.

12. Thus am I provoked to bring confusion upon the language of their carnal imaginations. So they knew not each his neighbour's meaning.

13. Every man is become righteous in his own eyes, and there be few that value judgment.

14. Instead of the sceptre of peace, they have laid hold on war, and have despised the words of my kingdom.

15. They have contended about outward things, that shall be brought to an end; but my living way they have despised.

16. I commanded them to LOVE; but, behold! they HATED; to forgive each other; but they hatched revenge!

17. I called for righteousness; but lo! the cries of the oppressed came up before me, from day to day!

18. I demanded their hearts; but they sacrificed them to the world, and perfidiously broke their covenant.

19. I told them, that my Gospel was Truth and Peace; but behold! they have chosen war and a lie

20. The whoremongers said unto the drunkards, "ye are wicked men:" and those of filthy communication reproached the scornful

21. The Sodomites were laughed to scorn by the adulterers, and the adulterers were hissed at by the vipers of malice.

22. Thus every wicked beast oppressed another, and every one devoured his prey.

23. The Lord also gave them up to a reprobate mind, in the counsel of his judgment, that their iniquities might be fulfilled.

24. But behold! "I have pronounced sentence," saith the lamb of God, "against those that have seduced my people.

25. I will bring hunger on the land, such as was not since the foundations of the world were laid, and all the earth shall fear before me!

26. They have delighted in the sword, and the sword shall devour them, even from one end of the earth to the other.

27. In their wickedness they have called for plagues and destruction; and behold, it is even at the doors of their city!

28. I will rain fire from heaven upon all flesh," saith Almighty God, "even the coals of fire from off mine altar."

29. The heavens shall pass away at the appearance of his majesty, and the earth shall not abide his glory.

30. He will overshadow his spouse, with the wings of eternal peace, and establish her, in his wonderous LOVE.

31. The chaff of pollutions he will consume with fury; but the rock of Truth shall last for ever more.

32. He will give his own to understand his counsel, and feed them with his hidden knowledge.

33. The fruit of his everlasting vine shall they drink new in his kingdom; and sit down with him in joy, for ever.

34. He saw their meekness, humility and faith, and gave them the land for an everlasting possession.

35. He was found faithful to his promise of old, in a plenteous redemption to all Israel.

36. He remembered his covenant with Abraham of old, and established his peace with Jacob.

37. He established his tabernacle alone in the holy mountain, and none assisted in his offering of

RECONCILIATION.

Written at Carlisle, in Cumberland, the 22. of 11. *Mo. in the evening,* 1689.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Extract from a letter to a young merchant abroad, on emigration; written in a time of public calamity—war—and great scarcity—domestic riots, &c.

Really the times are very serious! Let us consult, and contrive about emigrating to a land of peace and plenty, where there is no dread of famine, nor any fears of disturbance; but every one, in the true pastoral simplicity and happiness, "sits under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree, where none is able to make afraid." Pray where is this fine land? I don't think I shall cross the Atlantic to seek it: though I have a good opinion of some parts of America, yet have no conception of its containing such a paradise; and if I emigrate for that possession, I should not choose to travel three thousand miles to be disappointed.

I have now a recollection there is a region beyond the moon, or, with more propriety, beyond its ever-changing influence, that I have heard of in such terms, and from such authority, that I intend to venture my all to make a purchase there, when my Lord and Master, to whom I am a vassal at absolute will, permits me to embark.

The purchase, I understand, is by renouncing all claim to any thing in my own right, and paying a peppercorn* or so of acknowledgment; and as to that large word OBEDIENCE—obedience to the laws of that country I find is nothing more nor less than to endeavour to be happy! "To enjoy is to obey!" is the language and the maxim of the country; and we are only to avoid what is wrong, as a man would avoid being sick, or having the uneasiness and pain of a bone out of joint.

What dost say, my young friend, wilt thou embark with me? I should like some good company. I am really almost tired of this same dull round here, and painfully agitated state of things; and though I love my king and country, I have a vast notion I can (not *better myself*† *indeed* but) *be bettered* by this translunarian voyage; I am told there is rather an unpleasant gulph to shoot, but then it is very short, and some people have been known to pass it so quietly that they have slept all the time—and some have passed it very cheerfully, singing and rejoicing. Another thing to recommend this design is, that all agree who have been in good earnest about it, that they have found more pleasure in adjusting preparations for the voyage, learning the language, (a most copious and admirably expressive one), and studying and acquiring the described manners of the inhabitants, which are really the most charming that can be conceived—absolutely angelic! all agree who have been in good earnest, that they have found more pleasure in these preparations, and have had so much happiness in the realizing anticipation of the actual possession of the country—that they have had more true satisfaction than in all their fine schemes, and even fine possessions of fine estates, fine houses, and a long &c. here, which have often proved flimsy as "the spider's most attenuated thread, and broke at every breeze:" Besides, there is one ugly condition spoiling all, however rich, however enlarged, however delightful "beneath the moon;" that an old grisly monarch, who pays no respect to rich or poor, old or young, comes sometimes in a moment, very unceremoniously, and tumbles down every thing, and the possessor in the ruins.

Now this said country I have been looking to more particularly of late (for I have been very near embarking) has nothing of this sort of hazard; but the tenure of the possession is certain and everlasting! a very great recommendation! The sun may withdraw his light, and the stars refuse to shine, with no sort of effect, upon this most joyous inheritance; where I am told there is also plenty of the most refined and excellent society, scientific and pleasurable, in one eternal harmony!!

It is to no purpose that some superficial hair-brained sparks start up and tell me, all this is merely Utopian; for I am determined to try; I know I can't stay here long: I have begun learning the language, and setting things in order to embark, and I yet find plenty of time to "eat, drink, and be cheerful;" as far as it is worth while for a man of reflection to enjoy himself, in a state which he knows he must leave, and does not know how soon; and as far as he can possibly enjoy himself amidst surrounding objects, and circumstances of a distressing and trying nature to himself, and his friends, which will very frequently intrude, even on those who are most exempt from the disturbances of this disturbed state. I am determined, Vidda, I will go as soon as my master gives me leave: wilt thou go on the same plan? Do send me word, and we will concert measures as well as we can. There is an ancient collection of oriental authors, written in the language of the country I am speaking of, who give the best accounts I have met with, and have drawn the most accurate estimate of this, and striking contrast with the other region, of which they are now inhabitants, but formerly resided here. The collection is called ΒΙΒΛΟΣ and I do now recollect that when I was a young man, old Dr. Young (a clever cunning fellow, and well acquainted with the *beau monde*, and whether it was worth living for) advised studying that collection as the best recipe for cheerfulness: "Go read it," says the old gentleman in his quaint way—

"Go read it to be gay;
"There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace."

And so I have found; and therefore if that will add any weight to the recommendation with my young friend—put my *probatum est*.

Accept my best wishes, with those of my best companion, who, it is needless to tell thee, unites with me in the same design; but owing to a particular circumstance, not in our own power, we can't tell that we shall embark together—this is some trial. What sort of disposition, thinkest thou, the inhabitants of your island bear, in general, towards emigration? I fancy, from what I have heard, you have calamities enough among you, to make you, as the elegiast expresses it,

"Languish for a happier seat."

But there must be also some degree of congeniality of taste wrought for this "happier seat," before we set about in good earnest preparing for it.

However, consult the chart of the road connected with the work I have alluded to, & the dictates of a "sacred something," which I am very indifferent about *naming*, provided the *thing itself* is attended to—a *principle* of *superior intelligence* and *energy*—called by various names, and illustrated by various modes: "*light*" is the least derogatory metaphor of its excellence: a conscious power of discriminating between *right* and *wrong*—the spring of every thing truly good, which, attended to, increases in the mind as the morning light, to *meridian evidence* and *energy*. I am, respectfully,

thy affectionate friend.

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* Of what more worth is every sacrifice we make, seeing it is ultimately to our own advantage and happiness; for without every required sacrifice we cannot be happy! *No happiness in having our own will.*

† In some such indirect way my mind was disposed gradually to unfold to the youth, to whom this was written, the necessity of dependance on superior aid: This in my opinion is the grand doctrine of truth. O, that it were more believed in! many profess it who worship and obey their own power, will and wisdom; and will have their own way.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Should the Editors of the Fire-side think the following simple effusion excited by a scene of real distress worthy of insertion, they are welcome to give it publicity.

THE WIDOW.

Poor Mary, I pity thy lot,
Of every sorrow the prey;
Death, struck at the peace of thy cot,
And has taken thy partner away.

Ah! Widow, distracted and lorn,
Ah, penny less stranger to ease;
'Tis thine unassisted to mourn,
In a season inclement as this.

Of a husband, most faithful bereft,
Who now will afford thee relief?
The pledges of love he has left,
But add to thy measure of grief.

Thy Anna, who shar'd every joy,
Now answers thee every sigh;
And even that dear little boy
Seems to catch the distress of thy eye.

Unthinking and innocent child!
Thou a mother's caresses could'st steal,
And now, of each pleasure beguil'd,
Thou seemest her sorrow to feel.

Poor Mary, I pity thy lot!
But stop the effusion of grief;
Is the plaint of the wretched forgot,
By the hand that can tender relief?—

Ah no; with each sorrow that's sent,
Is a heavenly balm to be found:
And without the all-gracious consent,
Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground.

The world, tho' its prospects are bright,
The oldest, who longest it know,
Have warn'd us the pleasures to slight,
Of a region so pregnant with wo.

And happiness—Mary can own
That it vanishes soon as a dream;
As the snow-drop, that's instantly gone
The moment it falls on the stream.

Like Children, delighting our eyes,
We gaze at the fugitive fair,
If we grasp for a moment the prize,
It bursts, 'tis a bubble of air.

Then, scorning so thorny a road,
Thro' a country so wretched as this,
Let us sigh for a lasting abode,
In the regions of durable peace.

2d mo. 7th, 1805. ALLEN.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Invisibilia non decipiunt."
The INVISIBLES do not deceive.

Ah! "poor old Dr. Franklin!" how art thou "abused" in these degenerate times! Even thy defenders, "under the cloak" of *friendship* to thee, do not call thee *great* in invention, or *rich* in excellence; even *they* acknowledge that thou art a "poor" creature, and thy works are already "old" and good for nothing. A short time, peradventure, will elapse, and they, with their "poor" writer, will be remembered no more!

Readers! you may remark, that I have directly asserted nothing in my communication: adhering to the Socratic method of reasoning used by Dr. Franklin himself, I have *asked*, whether those facts which I adduced, did not render it *probable*, that the "poor, old Doctor" was not "self taught," and that he did not *invent* "every thing" *said* to be his. Amicus has not *proved* to the contrary; but merely asserts, that the parable, *generally believed* to have been written by Franklin, was, by himself, denied to be his own. Amicus should have known this, previously to lavishing praise on invention, where invention is not found; and Dr. Franklin, though he was "poor and old," should have *publicly* denied his claim to it. We have never heard of his disowning a certain epitaph, and some other "inventions" of the like origin. I did not propagate any falsehood, therefore, when I introduced the quotations from Davis's Travels.

Readers! the unfortunate Irish are not the only people in the world who make *bulls*. I know not why Amicus expects impossibilities from me. I "cannot *restore* to the Doctor, the plume of just praise" which Amicus himself asserts, I have "*vainly* endeavoured to *steal* from him." If a man have stolen no plume, how can he restore one? If a man have no eyes, how can he see—— PLAGIARISM?

Amicus! if the *invisible* beings can perform impossibilities, instantly become one of these: then mayest thou be able to *restore* plumes, which by thy own declaration, have never been *stolen*.

Readers! "what think ye therefore" of Amicus; who, when a person adduces instances which corroborate the belief that Franklin was not "*original* in EVERY THING that he had ever published," ascribes his motives of adducing them, to "envy and jealousy?"—An envy, which, as it has no "rival," cannot be gratified by his overthrow,—a jealousy, whose influence cannot penetrate the tomb!—And who declares that one of the Invisibles wishes to "triumph," when triumph could be of no avail! How absurd!

Amicus! *Friend* of the "*immortal, original, self-taught* Doctor, farewell: I bid adieu to Franklin, and to thee!

A Member of the Invisible Club.

Feb. 25, 1805.

[The following piece of original poetry was met with in the selections of a female friend lately returned from Westown Boarding School. We take the liberty of presenting it to our readers, unknown to the author, whose consent we declined seeking, lest that modesty so often attendant on merit should shrink from the eye of public observation. We think it possesses merit, and are unwilling it should be locked up in the closet of diffidence. It is hoped the approbation of the friends to the Fire-side will call forth the latent talents of its author, whom we are desirous of entering upon our list of correspondents.]

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

Welcome, happy little stranger,
To this busy world of care!
Nothing can thy peace endanger,
Nothing *now* thy steps ensnare.

Precious Babe! thou art excluded
From all thought of trouble near;
No distress has yet intruded,
Keen remorse, nor restless fear.

Innocence and peace attend thee!
Balmy slumbers now are thine
Every change to thee is friendly:
Love and Joy, around thee shine.

Yet, alas! behind the curtain,
Tribulation veils her form;
Disappointment's stamp is *certain*;
Virtue, only, shields from harm.

Now a Mother's care is wanted;
All thy cravings are supplied;
All thy infant claims are granted
Not *one* comfort is denied.

How her Bosom pants with pleasure!
All her feelings are awake;
Gladly would she, little treasure,
All thy pains and sufferings take.

May'st thou, if design'd by Heaven,
Future days, and years to see,
Soothe her, make her passage even,
Let her heart rejoice in thee!

May her anxious care and labours,
Be repaid by filial love;
And thy soul be crown'd with favors,
From the boundless source above.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Watches are so generally worn now-a-days that one would suppose their principles would have been more generally inspected than they appear to be, for I apprehend few know even the most obvious and necessary application of natural principles to the purposes of time-keeping; the mode of applying the main-spring that it may give a uniform motion to the wheels, remains with most to be a mystery, yet every one must know that a spring draws harder when first wound than a few hours afterwards; that two hands or pointers should move to all appearance on the same axle, often excites wonder; and as the wheels of the watch turn the hands, why the turning of the hands does not move the wheels; for, that it does not, is evident, since you may turn the hands all day, and the watch will, notwithstanding, go the 24 hours; these and many other problems have been ingeniously solved by a friend of mine to my great satisfaction and amusement. But I propose to entertain my readers by giving them a calculation which my friend made and presented me, shewing how many revolutions one of the smallest wheels performed in different given periods of time, and likewise the number of strokes that my watch struck in an hour, a day, and a year.

These calculations, I confess, astonished me, and I could but wonder how this little machine should last for so many years, though subjected to much abuse; constantly under the acting power of a strong spring; and every wheel per-

forming its revolutions, not with the easy motion of the wheels of a jack, but with incessant and sudden interruptions occasioned by the repulsive action of the balance and verge; this interrupted motion may be easily perceived on opening the watch and noticing that wheel, which, in watches of the common construction, first strikes the eye.

The calculation above alluded to, shews, that my watch, which is one of the vertical or common order, makes

17,160 strokes in an hour,
411,840 do. per day of 24 hours,

and the enormous and almost incredible number of

150,424,560 in a year of 365 days 6 hours.

The little wheel commonly called the balance or crown wheel, makes

660 revolutions in an hour,
15,840 in a day, and
5,785,560 in a year.

When I first saw this calculation, I was surprised that the little machiney which was thus employed in beating so many millions of strokes per year, did not soon beat itself to pieces; and I could but wonder that the axles on which the crown wheel moved, should not soon wear themselves off, yet to my utter astonishment my friend informed me that he had seen watches an hundred years old, the crown wheels of which were not half worn, while their axles or pivots were perfectly good. By a little further calculation my readers will soon see in figures, the innumerable revolutions which this little wheel in one of the abovementioned watches must have performed in its day; for to count one by one at the fastest possible rate, the strokes that have been struck in that time, would take many of the lives of the longest livers of the last ages.

These speculations have exceedingly amused me, and I doubt not will give your readers the like interest; for my part, I now regard my watch not only as a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity, but as curiously displaying the singular properties of metals, and calling in the efforts of all the mechanical powers to give it motion; and I shall hereafter look at this little machine with a species of respect bordering on veneration.

I am, with much respect, yours,

SPECULATOR.

N. B. If you think me worthy a seat by your Fire-side, perhaps you may hear from me again, on some outlandish topic.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following lines are the production of a poor unlettered servant girl, in the family of a respectable Friend at Mamaroneck, state of New York. The extent of her education consisted in three months schooling. She had been lately addressed by a young man, who, after winning the poor girl's affections, and promising her marriage, abruptly left her; and, in a short time, married another. She had a female friend in the neighbourhood, a poor widow, to whom she used to unfold her heart, and to whom she sometimes attempted to write letters in poetry; but as the writing and orthography were so bad as to render them almost unintelligible, she would frequently bring her scraps out of the kitchen to her mistress, to get them transcribed. The following is one of those poetic effusions; which I believe would make no despicable figure in comparison with many pieces of Bloomfield's, Burns's, Chatterton's, or of any other of those children of Nature, whom the world has so much admired. Neither of the above poets, I will venture to assert, ever wrote more *feelingly*.

A.

ELIZA TO MARIA.

I take my pen, my Mary dear,
To write a line or two;
For when I'm ruminating here,
I often think of you.

I know your solitary state,
Unhappy and alone:
And while I'm musing on your fate,
It pictures but my own.

When I survey all nature round,
And see it blithe and gay;
My heart sinks deep beneath the wound
Of sorrow and dismay.

And Joys, they too were once my lot,
No trouble then I knew:
My friend was kind, and I forgot,
That there were SORROWS too.

How little did I think to find
In my supposed friend,
Deceit and mischief both had join'd,
My happiness to end.

How could he seek to give me smart,
When well he might have known,
That rather than *I'd* wound *his* heart,
I'd sacrifice my own?

Though you have not mistaken been,
In friendship's purest joys;
Yet you a canker too have seen,
Which Earth's bright hope destroys.

How did I once anticipate
I happiness should see;
But ah! relentless, cruel fate
Has said it must not be!

But Heaven has ordained this:
And is it not to show
That we must never place our bliss
In happiness below?

Is there not then one tender breast,
Where we may place our love?
Yes, sure there is, for ever blest,
In Paradise above;

Where neither moth nor rust destroys,
Nor thieves break through and steal;
Where sorrows do not blast our joys,
And we no anguish feel.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Look not thou upon the liquor when it sparkles, "when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

SOLOMON.

Would you learn how like a serpent drunkenness biteth and how like an adder it stingeth,—then contemplate the disgusting figure and the deplorable circumstances of *Silenus*.—Behold this miserable wreck of a man!—He is not yet turned of forty, yet totters in his steps, like one of fourscore.—See him weakened in intellect, morose in temper, lost to all sense either of honour or shame, lost to all affection towards the wife of his bosom, and the children of his own body. Mark the stupidity of his countenance, the morose aspect of his blood-shotten eyes, his palsied hand, and the leprous tetter that covers his skin.—Turn now and behold his wife—there she sits in that corner, covered with a thin tattered robe and shivering over a handful of coals.—See her pale and emaciated—her eyes dim with weeping, and her cheeks furrowed with tears.—Hapless woman! who can but pity thee? who can but mingle his tears with thine?—Look next on those suffering children.—They receive nought but frowns and curses and blows from the man whom they had been taught to call by the endearing name of father:—yet they have a friend whose bosom throbs with tenderness towards them; but her hand is too feeble to supply their needs.—They ask their mother for bread, but she has none to break to them.—The storm howls through the broken windows, and they say, "we are cold"—She answers them only with sighs. Alas! she has none to bind up her own bleeding heart. And is this the once sensible and sprightly *Silenus*, fortune's child, who inherited a large patrimony?—the same!—"How fallen, how lost!"—And what has wrought this terrible reverse in their circumstances? What has turned this man into a brute? What has plunged this woman into the deepest distress, inasmuch as that her tears are her meat? What has rendered these children miserable?—What *fiend* has poisoned and destroyed the happiness of this whole family?—That cursed *fiend* is drunkenness.—Time was when Silenus was a kind husband and an affectionate father, when his company gladdened the heart of his wife, when his little prattlers used to meet him

at the door and receive his fond caresses. —Time was when every room in his mansion was gilded with domestic happiness, when he ranked in society as a useful member and an ornament, and when the eyes that saw him blessed him, and the ear that heard him was respectfully attentive.—But *Silenus* looked on the sparkling liquor while giving its colour and temptingly moving itself in the cup —he tasted, he at length tippled daily; the habit became rivetted—he plunged occasionally into intoxication, and became at last a downright sot.—His estate is consumed, and of all poor people, his family are among the most wretched.—"Dig they cannot," having never been taught to labour—"to beg they are ashamed." This is not a romance:—there are many families in our country, whose deplorable situation corresponds with this description.

[*Conn. Courant.*]

VERSES

To the Memory of the late JOSEPH BROWNE,

Of Lothersdale, England, one of the people called Quakers, who had suffered a long confinement in the Castle of York, and the loss of all his worldly property for Conscience-sake.

By one who had been his fellow prisoner *

"Spirit, leave thine house of clay,
"Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
"Spirit, cast thy chains away!
"Dust, be thou dissolv'd in death!"

Thus, thy guardian angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detained below!
"Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
"Welcome, from a world of wo!
"Welcome, to a land of rest!"

Thus, thy guardian angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high:
While with Hallelujahs rang,
All the region of the sky.

Ye that mourn a father's loss!
Ye that weep a friend, no more!
Call to mind the Christian cross,
Which your friend, your father bore.

Grief, and penury, and pain,
Still attended on his way;
And oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress,
('Twas the eldest curse of sin;)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had Paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still the shining path appears,
Where the mourner walk'd with God:

Till his master from above,
When the promis'd hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love,
To conduct the wanderer home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

Ye that caught it, as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you, his meekness dwell—
So on you, his spirit rest.

Yet rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall memory love to weep,
O'er the venerable spot,
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave, the guardian of his dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope, again to rise.

Hark! the judgment trumpet calls,
"Soul rebuild thine house of clay,
"And immortal be thy walls,
"And eternal be thy day."

SHEFFIELD, July 11, 1803.

* *A Printer at Sheffield, who was in the Castle at the same time though not a member of the said society.*

PARIS SPIES.

Even should not the Parisian have the levity with which he is reproached, reason would justify him in its adoption.—He walks surrounded by spies. No sooner do two citizens whisper to each other, than up comes a third, who prowls about in order to listen to what they are saying. The spies of the police are a regiment of inquisitive fellows; with this difference, that each individual belonging to this regiment has a distinct dress, which he changes frequently every day; and nothing so quick or so astonishing as these sorts of metamorphoses.

The same spy who figures as a private gentleman in the morning, in the evening will represent a priest: at one time, he is a peaceable limb of the law; at another, a swaggering bully. The next day, with a gold-headed cane in his hand, he will assume the deportment of a monied man buried in calculations; the most singular disguises are quite familiar to him. In the course of the twenty-four hours, he is an officer of distinction and a journeyman hair-dresser, a shorn apostle and a scullion. He visits the dress ball and the lowest sink of vice. At one time with a diamond ring on his finger, at another with the most filthy wig on his head, he almost changes his countenance as he does his apparel; and more than one of these *mouchards* would teach the French *Roscius* the art of *decomposing* himself; he is all eyes, all ears, all legs, for he trots, I know not how, over the pavement of every quarter of the town. Squatted sometimes in the corner of a coffee-room, you would take him for a dull, stupid, tiresome fellow, snoring till supper is ready: he has seen and heard all that has passed. At another time, he is an orator, and been the first to make a bold speech; he courts you to open your mind; he interprets even your silence, and whether you speak to him or not, he knows what you think of this or that proceeding.

Such is the universal instrument employed in Paris for diving into secrets; and this is what determines the actions of persons in power more willingly than any thing could be imagined in reasoning or politics.

The employment of spies has destroyed the ties of confidence and friendship. None but frivolous questions are agitated, and the government dictates, as it were, to citizens, the subject on which they shall speak in the evening in coffee-houser, as well as in private circles.

The people have absolutely lost every idea of civil or political administration; and if any thing could excite laughter in the midst of an ignorance so deplorable, it would be the conversation of such a silly fellow who constantly imagines that Paris must give the law and the ton to all Europe, and thence to all the world.

The men belonging to the police are a mass of corruption which the minister of that department divides into two parts: of the one, he makes spies or *mouchards*; of the other, satellites, *exempts*, that is, officers, whom he afterwards lets loose against pick-pockets, swindlers, thieves, &c. much in the same manner as a huntsman sets hounds on wolves and foxes.

The spies have other spies at their heels, who watch over them, and see that they do their duty. They all accuse each other reciprocally, and worry one another for the vilest gain.

The following anecdote will shew in what a detestable light *mouchards* are considered in Paris.

A man who appeared to be in tolerably good circumstances, fell in love, and married a girl, whom the death of her parents and accumulated distress had driven to a life of dissipation. At the end of a few months, she learned that her husband was a spy of the police. "Probably," said she to him, "you did not take up this trade till after you had reflected that in following that of a thief or murderer, you would have risked your life."

On saying this, she ran out of the house, and precipitated herself from the *Pont Royal* into the Seine, where she was drowned.

[*Sketch of Paris.*]

A letter from an old married man, to a young lady, on the commencement of a new year.

At this season, when those who bestow nothing else, are liberal, and lavish of their wishes, I have been considering, Amelia, what present to make you; incapable of making you the offer of my heart, I have determined to offer you my advice; and that, perhaps may secure you another, which may give you more pleasure. This is my determination, in consequence of having observed your disposition, and of being assured, that it will neither be despised nor rejected.

You are just now entering upon the age when you will seldom hear the language of sincerity, but from such as me: adulation, which you have not long known, will supply its place. The extravagant encomiums which are bestowed on the fair sex, at your age, have an intoxicating quality: they make them forget the short duration of personal charms: they make them neglect the attainment of more lasting ones.

Beauty has, in every age, been called a transient flower, which withers in a short time; and if, indeed, it were permanent and fixed, it would not be sufficient to preserve the passion of love. When once it grows familiar to the day, its power is lost; it must then be assisted by the accomplishments of the mind, and the virtues of the heart.

Do not imagine, that I am one of those austere and formal old fellows, who have forgot their juvenile moments, and expect from youth what cannot, from the course of nature, be complied with. I require from you no rigid resolution against every amusement, no continued and unwearied application to the improvement of your understanding; nor do I advise you to banish the men from your circles; assured, that you have not been taught to fly into the arms of the first smart fellow you shall meet, by hearing every moment that men are horrible wretches.

Women, who have always conversed with women, want an agreeable ease in their behaviour; men, who have mixed but little with the fair sex, want politeness and refinement. In the selection of your male acquaintance, you cannot be too cautious; in your behaviour to them you cannot be too circumspect, that the slanderous tongue of envy may not be able to injure your reputation. Those among your own sex, who have no charms to attract attention, are too much inclined to censure, and to view the conduct of others with malignant eyes, which they wish to pursue themselves. It will not be enough, therefore, to be really virtuous, if you, by an unbecoming levity in your carriage, afford malice an opportunity to sully your character. You will tell me, perhaps, that envy never wants a real occasion to blacken; that she points her arrows against the most exemplary objects, and that no precaution can defeat her malevolent design. These are truths, I will allow, but that censure which is not founded on probable appearances, at least will be attributed, by the candid part of mankind, to the operation of envy, and treated with the contempt which it justly deserves.

It is in the power of the fair sex, in a great measure, to regulate the behaviour of those with whom they are acquainted, and to prevent even impudence itself from violating the laws of good breeding. I remember when I myself was young, to have seen men, who in some companies were scarcely decent, so awed in others as never to have deviated from the most modest deportment. This was not the effect of prudery, but of affability, blended with reserve; of goodness joined to a laudable pride; of good nature united with prudence.

Where these are justly attended to, indecency dares not appear; the insipid joke, and the indelicate jest, will not be often repeated, where no encouragement is given to them; never, when they are treated with a proper degree of neglect and inattention. Those who see that a modest behaviour is the best recommendation to your favours, will persevere in such a behaviour, if your favour is the object of their wishes. Those, on the other hand, on whom modesty can make no impression, will never trust you with their company.

I shall now submit to your attention a few observations grounded on experience, for your conduct towards a lover, which seem naturally to follow the remarks I have offered with regard to a general acquaintance. I am no stranger to the power of persuasion on the hearts of the fair sex, at your age; I am not to be told how much they commonly prefer the man who can say the tenderest things to be conceived; yet believe me, my dear Amelia, the sincerity of a lover's passion is not always to be measured by the elocution with which he expresses it. Men of the strongest understandings often make the most awkward lovers, having nothing but sincerity and merit to recommend their passion, and being totally unacquainted with the "soft parts of conversation," by which so many silly women are flattered to their ruin. These men are too often, I am afraid, rejected for others of a romantic turn, who make their addresses in a style, and in a language which prove them to be mere theatrical admirers; studious only to deceive the fair one's ears, greedily listening to the accents of adulation, and giving hasty credit to every tale of falsehood directed to them.

In order to make a sure conquest of a heart, you must neither stifle the tender passion of a lover in its infancy, nor render your affections cheap in his estimation, by too speedy a compliance with his desires. Numberless little favours must be denied, but no marks of that tyrannical disposition displayed which many of the fair sex exhibit, to show their lovers what power they have over them.

When you are sufficiently prepossessed in favour of the man who endeavours to make himself particularly agreeable to you, to wish for a lasting union with him, you cannot too soon make the strictest inquiry into his character, as well as his circumstances. A little observation will convince you of the propriety of this advice. The addresses of the man you prefer, however, are not to be refused, because a few trifling failings are intermixed with his virtues. Humanity and perfection can never be expected; he is most deserving of your esteem as a lover, who has the fewest weaknesses to distinguish him as a man.

Whenever you give your hand, may you give it to one whose heart is in your possession, whose virtues entitle him to your sincerest affection, and whose general good conduct gains him the love of all mankind.

I am, Yours, &c.

B. C.

COMMUNICATION.

The friends of literature, and especially of the education of youth, will learn with peculiar interest that a new Spelling Book has just been presented to the public by LINDLEY MURRAY.

One would scarcely be led to inquire as to the merits of a book to which his name is attached, since that alone would ensure it celebrity. Independent, however, of all favourable impressions from that source, the writer of this article, who has had an opportunity of examining a London copy of the work, cannot withhold an acknowledgment of his high approbation of its plan and execution.—He feels no hesitation in expressing his conviction that none has preceded it so eminently calculated to conduct the Tyro, with safe and easy steps, over the threshold of literature, the prime, and indeed the sole, object of a spelling book.

A copious analysis of this excellent work would require more room than the columns of the *Evening Fire-side* could conveniently afford. It may therefore be briefly stated that the work is divided into three parts. One of the chief objects of the first part is to teach an accurate pronunciation of the elementary sounds: the second is admirably calculated to afford aid both in pronunciation and orthography; and the third part contains miscellaneous chapters, which will be found eminently useful in giving the learner a radical knowledge and diversified views of the subject.

Among the many improvements aimed at in this work, the rules for dividing the syllables of words appear to be very happily conceived. They are indeed a very valuable invention; and must have been the result of much study and reflection. Some persons wish for a great deal of reading in a spelling book, others for numerous barren columns of spelling. The author has endeavoured to steer a middle course; to give a sufficient quantity of varied reading, to illustrate the columns of spelling; and by these means to entertain and to encourage the learner.—That the Reading Lessons have been formed with particular attention to cherish in the infant mind sentiments of piety and virtue, will not be questioned by any person, who is acquainted with the character of the author. Many of these lessons are from EDGEWORTH and TRIMMER, but the greatest part are from the pen of LINDLEY MURRAY himself.

The general introduction and establishment of a Grammar or Spelling Book, whose author is not himself a pedagogue, is attended with greater difficulty, than any other species of publications. In large seminaries we often find that inveterate malady, *cacoethes scribendi*, to gain possession of the instructor to such a degree that he finds no relief but in the *compilation* of one of these little books. Those authors therefore, who have not the *power* of *commanding* the use of their works, must confide alone for success in the superior merits of them. Murray's Grammar came forward under these adverse circumstances; and its *merit* has raised for the author a monument of fame. The present Spelling Book, though less in size, it is said, is the fruit of many years industry and reflection: and if the writer of this article be any judge, it is not exceeded, in point of merit, by either the Grammar, or any other work for which the public have been indebted to the same pen. As it will no doubt be seen presented in an American dress, for the patronage of teachers in this country, it would be very desirable to see it taken up with disinterested views, and to find that its intrinsic merits are made the *only* criterion for adopting or rejecting it.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE

Alluring prospects now diminish,
Editors! you can't retain me,
Without your predecessor's finish,
"Fairer hands" cannot sustain me.

To scenes of danger I'm a stranger,
By guileful hope I've been misled;
Fairies prying, ROCKETS flying,
Fill'd my soul with secret dread!

That none may harm me, or alarm me,
I'll fly where mischief ne'er invades;
ANGUS's manœuvres charm me,
Him I'll follow to *the shades*
If sorrow's "*thorns*" still "*haunt*"* his path,
Or treach'rous meteors lead astray,
If youthful ardor, ting'd with wrath,
Still turn and "*spurn*"† a friendly "*ray*"

A "fairer hand behind the screen"
I'll recommend to smooth his way,
To check him whilst his judgment's green,
And pluck those "haunting thorns" away.

Among the *shades*, thro' *glens* and *glades*,
I sought the hapless bard in vain;
At length by chance, a stolen glance,
Espy'd him 'mongst the fairy train.

The march began—plac'd in the van,
Beside his Queen "so fair, so true,"
He led the throng, in pomp along,
Enchanting to a stranger's view.

His flaxen hair, and chin still bare,
Attracted general admiration;
His native grace, his form and face,
Had nothing lost by transmigration.

Why should we more his loss deplore!
I think he better fills his station,
And sings more sweetly than before
His AIRY-FAIRY transformation.

Some bards there are, whose constant care
Is to inspire us with devotion;
Some think 'twill cheer our prospects here,
To set our risibles in motion.
But this is a mistaken notion
Which folly only could impart;
Afloat on Life's tumultuous ocean,
Devotion gives a smile at heart.

Success to those, in verse or prose,
Who act a gen'rous noble part;
Whose efforts tend to this great end,
T' enrich the mind, and "mend the heart."

I few have pleas'd, and some offended,
This recollection gives me pain;
My days of bardship now are ended
I shall not soon offend again.

PHOSPHORUS.

* See Ode to Fortitude, page 11.
† See a Moral Thought, page 67.

POSTSCRIPT.

I'm pleas'd to find EUDOXUS POPE
Has given his native genius scope.

IMPORTANT.

Particularly to those engaged in rural affairs.

A pamphlet has just appeared published by Thomas Dobson of Philadelphia, which gives a history of the *fly* that has been so destructive to the grain in many parts of the country within these few years, and recommends what the author hopes will prove effectual for putting a stop to its ravages. He calls it the wheat moth, or Virginia fly; and begins his treatise with an account of the same insect as it appeared in France in the year 1755. This is followed by an interesting description of its characters, transformations and particular habits; and the pamphlet concludes with the following method for arresting the progress of this destructive insect.

"To preserve the grain from farther injury after it is reaped, it should be threshed out as soon as possible, and such part of it as it is wished to preserve either for seed or grinding should be dried in an oven or kiln in which the heat should be strong enough to kill the caterpillars without destroying the vegetative principle. This will be effected by 124 degrees of heat of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Or the seed grain may be better prepared by being soaked in a strong lye of wood ashes and quicklime heated to such a degree that the finger can just bear it. Let the grain, contained in a basket, be stirred in this lye, and the grains skimmed off that float on the surface. When it has been thus soaked for about two minutes, the basket which contains it should then be lifted up and suspended by two poles till the lye is drained off. The grain should then be spread very thin on a floor to dry, while a second basketful is prepared in the same manner. When thus steeped and well dried, it will keep a year and continue fit for sowing.

"In France, mills and granaries where large quantities of grain were deposited, seem to have been considered as the chief sources of the evil. But in this country it cannot be the case, at least not to so great an extent. No large quantities remain on hand when the

warm season approaches, and kiln-drying might destroy any caterpillars which might then exist. It appears that the severity of a hard winter cannot be depended on for this purpose, but that a sufficient number may survive, even in the grain sown, to cause considerable mischief. The roller may however be of service to prevent the fly from making its way out of the ground. The principal danger seems to exist in the spring barley, which having been kept under cover during winter and afterwards sown in fresh-ploughed, and consequently light soil, will, if at all infected, be sufficient to spread the evil far and wide. To this cause the writer chiefly attributes the damage last season to a crop of wheat, the seed of which had been brought from a distance and was perfectly free from the fly, which the barley was not, and was sown in the same field. If attention be paid in the ensuing spring to the kiln-drying of the grain that remains on hand, to the rolling of that which is coming up, and the pickling of the seed barley, we may hope to put a stop to this distressing calamity, or at least to prevent its spread; but let it be remembered, that the remedy in order to be *effectual*, must be *universal*."

We recommend to our readers a perusal of the pamphlet, which consists of but eight pages.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

There are many articles of Foreign Intelligence in circulation—we will endeavour to give our Readers a view of these without vouching for their authenticity. It will be perceived that they detail little of importance as to the relative situation of the different European powers, which has not already appeared in our Numbers.

Portugal, it is expected, will be soon obliged to abandon her neutrality, and declare in favour of France and Spain—the latter power having, at length, made a formal declaration of war against England. While Sir John Orde is blockading Cadiz with seven sail of the line, Spanish gun-boats are collecting at Algeziras, preparatory to declaring the Rock of Gibraltar in a state of blockade!! The Spaniards were busily employed in fitting out a squadron to act in concert with the French fleets.—The town of Almeria, in Spain, it is said, has been sunk by an earthquake.

From the acrimony which has for some time existed between France, Sweden, and Denmark, and from the circumstance of an embargo's being laid on all vessels belonging to the two last mentioned powers, in the ports of Spain: it was believed at Gibraltar, that France had declared war against them.

The political state of Europe generally, and the position which the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia have taken, leaves little doubt but a coalition of the northern powers will take place. The latter seems at last to have his jealouy excited by the ambitious views of the Emperor of France.

The Czar of Russia continues to strengthen Cortu, no art or expence has been neglected to render it formidable: he has stationed a numerous and well appointed garrison there, with a very considerable fleet in its vicinity.

Amidst the convulsions occasioned by the near approach of a general and vindictive war, the cession of Louisiana to the United States, excites in Europe deep interest. Those powers who have possessions in America, are not only alarmed at our contiguity to them, but they foresee, that Americans, industrious and enterprizing, inhabiting that fertile country, the productions of which are those of almost every clime, will raise not only enough for their own consumption, but will shortly anticipate the wants of all Europe, and at reduced prices.

DOMESTIC.—The senate of the state of Pennsylvania have, by the casting vote of the speaker, directed a committee to bring in a bill for the removal of the seat of government to Harrisburgh.

The Massachusetts legislature have unanimously concurred in the amendment to the federal constitution, proposed by North Carolina, to authorise congress to prohibit the further importation of slaves.

The United States' frigate John Adams, captain Chauncy, has arrived at New York from the Mediterranean, having on board commodore *Preble*, late commander of the American squadron, his secretary, and Mr. N. *Morris*, an officer in our navy. Commodore Preble proceeds immediately to Washington. There are on board eight Tripolitans, who, among others, were made prisoners by commodore Preble.

A letter from Presqu'Isle mentions, "We have had a very hard winter, so far; a great deal of snow; but people are healthy, and trade increases every day. Above 4000 barrels of salt have been hauled over from this place to La Bœuff, this winter; and traders are sending down to Buffaloe, for more, to be sent on the ice, on sleds: there are now advertisements up, for 30 to fetch salt upon the ice. What a vast benefit the salt trade will be to this country! The salt taken over to La Bœuff, and sent down the river, this last fall and winter, has caused a great deal of money to be left in this country; a great deal of salt has this winter, between 30 and 40 flat-bottomed boats built at La Bœuff, to carry salt and other produce down French Creek, against the spring opens, to go to Cincinnati, and there is a vessel building here, to sail on the lake. You may form an idea of the great advantages this country will receive from such an extensive trade as will be here in a short time. If we view its growth, what may we calculate on in ten years, from the present! Three years ago, the salt brought here was scarce sufficient to supply the people of this place; and now we can send 5000 barrels down the Alleghany. Land is rising to a great price. A few weeks ago a tract of 400 acres sold for 10½ dollars per acre."

On the 14th ult. from the violence of the wind, one of the arches of the bridge over the Mohawk, at Schenectady, was blown over. This accident, we are told, was occasioned by the temporary work remaining as a support to the arch. The loss is not mentioned; but it is supposed to be considerable.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 16th to the 23d ult.—Adults 22—Children 12—Total 34.

Report of deaths in the city of New-York, from the 9th to the 16th ult.—Adults 20—Children 12—Total 32.

Interments in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending 25th ult. at sun-rise.—Adults 7—Children 8—Total 15.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It was our wish that MENTOR should have presided at our Fire-side this week. A delay, however important it might be to ephemeral productions, can be of but little moment to his *Retrospective* and *Perspective Sketches of Life*, which, if we may take our own feelings for a test, will be read with interest in many a future round of time.

SCRIBBLER's Introductory Essay we are disposed to think favourably of; but we cannot give it insertion until a succeeding one shall enable us to see the scope of the writer's lucubrations.

CARAC's indulgence we solicit: the piece came sufficiently early for insertion, and was omitted merely by mistake.—It shall appear in our next.

We feel grateful to A. B. for his good opinion of our "Fire-side Circle." Many of his sentiments are worth treasuring up, and his observations deserve attention. But they are written in too loose a manner to satisfy our Readers, who look for well connected sentences and propriety of diction in our Numbers. We are far from recommending that foppery of language which courts applause by its gaudy trimmings; but in polished society it is necessary to shew a decent regard for externals.

MONITORIALIST, and PUBLIC GOOD are on our list for insertion.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications will be received.